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## lemongrass girl

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# lemongrass girl

Slipping through rain lemongrass girl spicy like saffron

I'm the lazy lacy tumbleweed hooked to the undercarriage of your car because iloveyourstory

I'm a lemongrass girl i turn cartwheels and smile at trees and keep memories in a suitcase next to a sandalwood fan

i like the sun i like yellow i like to smile until my eyes crinkle

can I be your friend?
because sometimes i feel lonely
outside and removed
will you take this tumbleweed inside your car?
i would like to ride shotgun
Man the stereo so you can drive
open the windows—see my hair is curly
i like to smile

until my eyes crinkle but i want to make you laugh

I can be funny. but can I be your friend? This is a desperate plea because iloveyourstories

(did you know that i write?) i feel like the smiling child three feet below you but my eyes are grey, not baby-blue and I am your equal so can we be friends?

I am sweet and we should be friends.

i like writing inductively. that's how i wrote this to get to this end: instead of a tumbleweed you will see me (atleastiwantyouto) as a lemongrass girl